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The

High

Burn.

Dr W H Chandler jun 97



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# THE LEHIGH BURR.

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AT the last college meeting it was indeed very gratifying to see the interest and enthusiasm taken by the men to raise the necessary funds that we may have a base-ball coach, and a lacrosse coach. It seemed that every man was wide awake to the situation in which we were placed, and tried to do all in his power to bring the thing about.

Now, that the men have nearly raised the required amount, we trust that the Executive Committee of the Athletic Association will hold a meeting soon and instruct the respective managers to engage Mr. Bannon and "Tim" Kirk as coaches for the two teams.

Mr. Bannon is the best base-ball coach Lehigh has ever had, and in him Captain Grace will have a man to help him who knows the game thoroughly and who puts his entire heart and soul into the work he is to do. All who were here last spring remember his work well, and all will rejoice should it be our fortune to have him with us again. The prospects in base-ball are very bright indeed. We lose but one man from last year's team, and with good, hard, conscientious work we certainly should turn out a splendid team.

We all know what "Tim" Kirk can do for us in lacrosse. "Tim" can turn out a championship team if any one can. Here the prospects are not so bright, but we hope that

a great number of men in college will try for the team and thus help to turn out another team like last year's one.

Another thing, let every man in college patronize the home games. For the past few years every one has been clamoring for more home games, but the managers of the different teams hesitate about arranging many games here because of late they have lost money every time. Turn out, cheer until you are so hoarse you can't even whisper, and the chances are very much in favor of your bracing up the team and helping them to victory, besides filling the treasury of the association. Cheer as you did in the last Lehigh-Lafayette foot-ball games.

IT is with great satisfaction that we hear of the interest which is being taken in lacrosse. Havard, Columbia, Cornell, and probably Pennsylvania will have teams this Spring, and there are rumors afloat that Princeton and Yale will also be represented.

Our pre-eminent position in this branch of athletics is a thing of which every Lehigh man should feel justly proud. The prestige we have gained has been the result of earnest work started by Arnold Reese, back in the eighties, and continued from year to year under the leadership of such men as T.



Symington, Ordway and Bartles. It is with pride that we look at the championship banners which decorate the walls of the "Gym." They remind us that right now is the time to get down to vigorous and conscientious training if we expect to turn out a team that will reflect credit and honor on the University.

The management has succeeded in arranging a very acceptable schedule including, besides the championship series with Hopkins and Stevens, games with Havard, Columbia, Toronto, and other colleges, although the dates have not, as yet, been definitely settled.

It will undoubtedly be hard to fill the seven vacant positions in last year's team, but, with systematic coaching, there is no cause for alarm considering the good material which seems to be present in the lower classes. Of last year's team there still remains: Captain Symington, Gummere, Paddock, Thurston and Edgar; also Dornin, who played on the '94 team, will be a valuable man. Other promising candidates are: Gunsolus, Galan, George, Kneas and Starkey, of '98; Hannum, Middledith, Holderness, Capriles and Rovelo, of '99;

Digby, Maeder, Starkey, Dortch, Martin, Ross and Reese, '00, besides many in the Freshman Class. On the whole the prospects are bright, as good material is at hand and only development is required.

THE second term is practically upon us and we are beginning to look forward to the different diversions which come with it, to say nothing of the studies.

Among the former the Mustard and Cheese takes an important place. The trials for places on the caste of next season's play will come off very shortly and we hope that there will be a large number of contestants as the success depends largely on the amount of competition. The Freshmen who care to try should certainly do so as the selections are strictly on merit. In past years men who never acted before have gotten parts by diligent work and perseverance. All should bear this in mind, and if any one has the inclination he should make the effort, as he will certainly find it to his advantage to be a member of the association.

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#### SYMPATHY.

By chance, we often find the choicest gems,  
Which have been near, but hidden from our gaze;  
While that for which we sought full many days,  
When found at last, our reason oft condemns.  
So we at times, among our long known friends  
Discover one, who by some word betrays  
A heart whose crystal depth to us portrays  
Thought after thought that from our own ascends.  
Then, without conscious effort on our part,  
Our troubles, hopes, and longings all take voice,  
While far away flies all dull apathy.  
Then, as its rays flash forth from heart to heart,  
At last we recognize the jewel choice:  
It is the priceless gem of *sympathy*.—*Ex.*



## HER SACRIFICE.

O'BRIEN, the contractor, was a man to whom the beautiful and artistic in life appealed but little. He had no responsive echo in his heart to the strains of sweet music which, if anything, bored him, or brought on a feeling of drowsiness that generally ended in a heavy Irish snore. As to the other arts, I have mentioned music first since it is the celestial one, he was absolutely callous and dormant. Nellie, his daughter, had done everything in her power to educate and stimulate in him that feeling whose absence she so much mourned—but in vain. There are men who are born with incomplete sensibilities, and O'Brien was one—whether such condition was a misfortune to him is open to long discussion. In life there is, supposedly, a compensation for everything. Where nature fails in one respect she gives generously in another, forming that fair balance which is one of the unmistakable signs of an almighty providence which directs it all.

Our friend was no exception to this rule. He had some very estimable traits in his character, among them a good heart with an unlimited capacity for love, which is a quality, after all, much superior and much above the ability to estimate and admire the beautiful of which so many of us justly or unjustly boast. He loved his motherless child beyond conception and had made it the study of his commonplace existence to please her in everything and make her forget the loneliness and sadness of her lot. Nellie loved music and O'Brien made it a point every Sunday to put on his best clothes so as to be able to take her with him to some park where the regimental bands played. She loved flowers, and in their tiny little box of a parlor there was as pretty a lot of potted plants as money could buy. He had gotten them one

day at the market and brought them to her as an offering of love, and since then he had begun to realize that a rival, and a strong one, had sprung up in the shape of these paltry plants.

Nellie, with the longing for something to pet and love which some hearts have, had doted, and doted most fondly, on them. By day and by night she cared and admired them, and in the first few days her anxiety to water them had been so great that, as O'Brien put it, "she had nearly downed them."

Great things pivot and slide on very minute particles. The greatest and most momentous deeds of man hinge on the most trifling circumstances. One day when Nellie was out, O'Hooligan, a neighbor of the O'Briens, had come in to see the contractor. From the days when they had met in the steerage of an emigrant ship there had existed an antipathy between these two sons of Erin. Perhaps it was religious difference, county rivalries, or something else. To our story it is immaterial what the cause was. The condition existed, and whenever they met a heated and bitter discussion was sure to follow. Unfortunately this meeting was no exception.

They had not been together many minutes when O'Hooligan made an obnoxious remark concerning the other's politics. O'Brien forgot the rules of hospitality and retorted with something which would not bear repeating, and the Irishmen clinched in a tremendous struggle for supremacy. For some years our friend the contractor had not carried the hod or done any labor, and his muscles had lost their hardness and elasticity, in fact they were soft and flabby. His antagonist was, on the contrary, strong, supple and elastic. Of course, in such an encounter no one could doubt the result. In three or more seconds O'Brien lay prostrate with his enemy over him, working

his big ham-like fists on his opponent's face and chest, while the blood which oozed from his nose and mouth stained everything about and gave the combatants a desperate appearance.

It was at the critical moment in the fortunes of our friend that Nellie appeared on the scene of the encounter. It did not take her long to grasp the whole situation. In truth, the battle was lost. But it was early, and another one could be fought. She looked around for a weapon and despairingly saw nothing but a thin ruler which, Irish skulls being thick and O'Hooligan's especially, she saw would have little influence on the tide of battle. For a moment she was confused, rattled. Then with an inspiration she always attributed afterwards to her devotion

to some martial Saint, she turned her eyes towards the window where the jewels of her love sat enjoying the rays of the afternoon sun, where her loved flowers-pots with their little sprouts lay. Then with a thump at her heart, which nearly broke it, she ran to them, raised first one in her hand and then another and hurled them at O'Hooligan's head. The first flew wide of the mark, as well as the second, but at the third an awful thump was heard. O'Brien arose, wiped the blood from his face and clasped his daughter tenderly to his breast.

As to O'Hooligan, he does not know yet how a man, whose arms he had pinned in front of him, managed to knock him out with such a terrific blow in the back of his head.

---

#### A GENTLE HINT.

SHE was bored and wished him dead,  
But she simply softly said :  
"Did you ever see a snail?"  
"Yes, aren't they funny?"  
Then she murmured, "I dare say  
That you met it on the way,  
Overtake one you could not for any money."

## A HISTORICAL REFLECTION.

IN the days before '75, when the colonies were still under the control of England, the position of the colonist was one of supplication. Some one beyond his influence ruled him, and he was the underling. This, for some reason or other, is opposed to the American's nature, and he felt his mean condition. His sense of honor demanded something higher. Therefore he cast off the power of the throne and set about ruling himself according to his own desires. A federation of states was first tried, but, being unsuccessful, the states decided on a new constitution. It was not a perfect constitution, as witness the amendments made since, but it was a foundation, and not a bad one either, on which to build a nation.

History repeats itself. In our student-body the same story is told again. The undergraduates were ruled by a group of men outside themselves. In the hands of that group lay questions whose final settlement must be in the power of the student-body if that body is to have any proper self-respect. That this is recognized by both student and faculty is shown by the appeal made by the students in 1894 to the faculty for self-government and its ready acceptance by the majority of the latter.

Like the colonists, then, the students felt themselves to be in a position little suited to their ideas of honor and liberty; and like their ancestors, further, they decided on self-government as the remedy.

An Honor System was adopted. Not, as some may think, because the ideas and plans embodied in it were thought to be complete, but in order that time, experience, and good sense might develop something better. In course of time it was found to be ineffective, and a new committee was appointed to consider the subject. Like the constitutional conven-

tion they decided on a new constitution which after much discussion and some alterations was adopted, but not without opposition, and that from men of high sense of honor.

You have now seen five points of similarity between this country and the student-body, as follows:

1. Originally ruled from without.
2. Decision to institute self-government.
3. Laws passed to gain desired end.
4. New constitution required and adopted.
5. Existence of flaws in that constitution.

But note one other point, whether of similarity or difference time will tell. This country had too much good sense to live under a constitution which could be improved, without trying to better it. A law was not irrevocable, a law was not unchangeable, and, while a change of law without due consideration is to be avoided, no law was left in force which was opposed to the will of the people.

Much has been said at one time and another about some features of our Honor System, and one writer goes so far as to say that a majority of the student-body is opposed to a few things in that constitution. If that is the case are we, whether with that majority or not, going to try to continue those features when we know that the Honor System can only be effective when it has back of it the great mass of the men in college? As things stand it must sicken and die, or, worse still, live a life of inactivity which can not be called life. Most of us are in favor of an honor system, and the writer voted for this one, not because of sympathy with every point in it, but because it was something to work on, to change if desirable, or to point out what is needed to meet the requirements of our body.

Amendment to the constitution should be brought up and discussed through the college papers, to be taken up during March in a

college meeting, action being taken if desirable. Time, although the most precious possession of the student, should be taken for discussion, and enough courtesy be used to prevent accusing a man of dishonorable practices simply because he does not see things through our eyes. What the changes shall

be is not in the control of any group of men, but of the student-body, and when a meeting is called for discussion of this subject let the men who have in their veins the blood of the colonists show themselves worthy of their ancestors.

### COMMUNICATIONS.

[The editors are not responsible for any opinions expressed in this column. No anonymous articles will be published.]

TO THE EDITORS OF THE LEHIGH BURR: Can anybody tell me what has become of the Mechanical Engineering Society? If one can judge by appearances it seems to have died a painless death. I should like to know definitely as to this point. We see announcements of meetings of the other engineering societies, but to my certain knowledge there has been no meeting of the M. E. Society this term. Isn't this one of those cases of superfluous organizations which we hear so much of nowadays? One certainly would be inclined to think so. Either the officers of the society should get up some interest in the matter and have some meetings, or else it should be disbanded. One or the other should be done. I hope it will be the former.

X.

EDITORS OF THE LEHIGH BURR:—I would like to say something which the events of the last few weeks have brought to my notice. We have had our foot-ball election

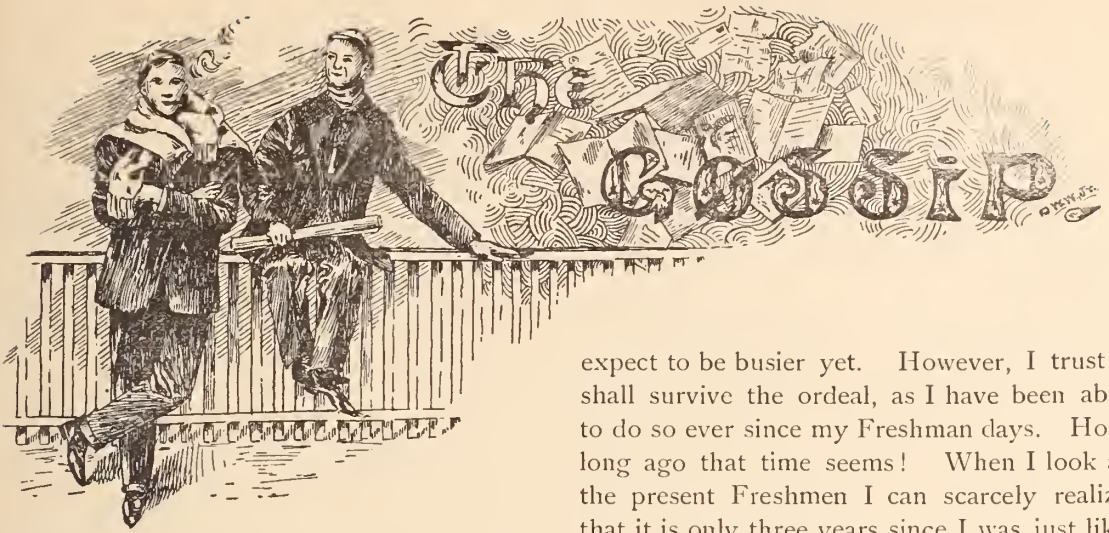
and that is settled, but what a reflection it is on college spirit and interest in athletics when less than thirty votes are cast. This election has been talked about for nearly two months and at the recent college meeting the men were all urged to vote, and yet after all said and done less than one-half the eligible voters take the trouble to cast a ballot. One would have expected that at least seventy or eighty votes would have been cast after the enthusiasm exhibited at the last college meeting. The students seem to forget that the Athletic Association needs their moral as well as financial support, though often enough they get but little of either.

I suppose the next athletic election will be the one in June, after Spring athletic season ends. But, whenever it takes place, if there is not more interest shown than there was in this one it seems to me that it will be about time to find some new method of selecting the managers of our teams.

*"Urgent."*

Just to bury my face in the green,  
By the crickets, the grasshoppers only be seen;  
To forget the clamoring face of the crowd;  
To forget in the silence the voices so loud.  
To be chirruped to sleep  
By the crickets wee;  
To be hushed by the sound  
Of the surging sea.  
Chirrup, chirrup, voiceless glee!  
Hush, hush, the sound of the sea!  
Crickets and ocean are singing to me. —Ex.





THE GOSSIP sees the end of another term approaching with mingled feelings of joy and regret. Another half year of college work is finished and done with (The Gossip hopes it is finished). The Seniors, now on the home stretch, are beginning to talk of "jobs," and feel that they are growing old. They fill the soul of the Freshman with envy by their talk about theses and degrees. The Gossip sympathizes with them. He knows how it is to feel that one is creditably finishing a college course. Let them enjoy the sensation and feel old to their heart's content, the chance only comes once or twice in a lifetime.

A few days ago a friend of The Gossip's, a busy Senior, asked him to seal and address a letter for him, as he was in a great hurry to make a recitation. Now, The Gossip, as a rule, is not curious, but somehow or other he could not resist reading the letter any more than he can now help telling you all about it, for it is so characteristic of what he has just been saying. It ran as follows:

South Bethlehem, Pa., Jan. —, 1898.

"My dear Father:—Your letter reached me on Monday last and found me completely absorbed, as usual, with the cares of work. The examinations begin before long and then I

expect to be busier yet. However, I trust I shall survive the ordeal, as I have been able to do so ever since my Freshman days. How long ago that time seems! When I look at the present Freshmen I can scarcely realize that it is only three years since I was just like them, with nothing more serious to bother me than such things as algebra and trigonometry. Then I was a mere boy of seventeen, and now I find myself, after three and one-half years of hard study, fast approaching twenty-one.

"I want to come home as soon as the examinations are over to see about getting work. Don't you think that your friend, Mr. Bond Holder, President of the Come-and-go Railroad, could get me a position? Also Mr. B. Last Furness told me he would do all he could towards getting me work in the Steele, Cast & Co.'s Iron Works, of which he is Superintendent, so I think I shall go to see him also. I don't care so much what I get to do, just so it is a position where there is a chance for ability and knowledge to rise.

"When I graduate I think I will join the Alumni Association, as it is undoubted the duty of all representative men to take a leading part in such matters.

"There are many other things which I would like to write about, but the press of college duties is so great that I must now close."

Your affectionate son,

WILL WORK HARD.

P.S. "I am beginning to realize more and more each day the value of a college education."

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

FROM the various exchanges which come to The Table, it looks as if the coming Lacrosse Season would be a very interesting one. Columbia University seems to be taking lacrosse up with a will as the following clipping from *The Columbia Spectator* will testify:

"A very enthusiastic meeting of those interested in lacrosse was held in Havemeyer Hall, the Thursday before the Christmas holidays. Mr. R. H. E. Starr, '00 Law, who was temporary president of the association, presented a constitution, which was accepted, and then acting as chairman introduced the several speakers, who spoke on the following subjects: H. G. Hershfield, '98, on "The Introduction of Lacrosse at Columbia;" Prof. A. V. William Jackson, on "Lacrosse from a Spectacular Point of View;" Dr. Watson L. Savage, on "The Physical Advantages of Lacrosse as a Means of Exercise;" Cyrus C. Miller, '91 Law, on "Lacrosse as a Game and its Growing Popularity." Giles Whiting, '95 Architecture, who is to be head coach of the team, then outlined the system of training and practice that he will employ. After the meeting Mr. Schwartz, '00 Law, was elected president of the Association, and Mr. R. H. E. Starr, '00 Law, captain of the team. Captain Starr is a lacrosse player of many years' experience, having captained the team of Harvard University in '95. An application for admission to the University Union was made at its meeting that evening, and the matter was referred to a committee consisting of Messrs. G. A. B. Cowles, 83, J. T. Williams, '98, Orleans Long-acre, '98. This Committee were instructed to report at this week's meeting of the Union.

\* \* \*

Among the recently published books which are of interest to the college man is *The Columbia Verse*, which contains the best light

and serious verses appearing in *The Columbia Spectator*, *The Columbia Literary Monthly*, and *The Morningside*, from 1892 to 1897. The book is edited by Messrs. J. N. Rosenberg, '95, and J. M. Proskauer, '96, both of Columbia University.

Its verse is excellent, The Table thinks. *Alpheus and Arethusa*, and *Cards*, which are given below, are good samples of the lighter vein.

## ALPHEUS AND ARETHUSA.

A nymph there was in Arcadie  
Who owned a crystal spring;  
And there she'd wash, sans mackintosh,  
B'gosh, or anything.  
A youth there was in Arcadie  
Who hunted o'er the brooks;  
He would not tote no overcoat,  
But traveled on his looks.  
Though ancient Greece had no police,  
The gods did as they'd order;  
To put them quite from mortal sight  
They turned them into water!

## CARDS.

They played at cards on the yellow sand,  
When the fields and the trees were green;  
She thought that the trump was in her hand,  
He thought that he held the queen.  
But winter has come and they both had strayed  
Away from the throbbing wave—  
He finds 'twas only the deuce she played,  
She finds that he played the knave.

A verse called *Peace* is in a more serious strain, but is nevertheless a gem. It is as follows:

## PEACE.

We trace the sunken breastworks' sod,  
Where once the anxious blue-coats trod,  
Watching the coming tide of gray  
That swept the earth a mile away;  
Today amidst the ripening corn,  
In tears that feared no mocking scorn,  
We plucked the waving golden-rod  
Along the sunken breastworks' sod.  
Gettysburg.



—T. L. Henry, '95, who left for Klondike, is now at Dyea.

—S. W. Russel, ex-'77, is located at Eddy, New Mexico.

—Letters from the Lehigh men at work on the Nicaragua Canal report them having arrived at their destination and doing well.

—W. Leary, jr., '72, is practicing law at Edenton, N. C.

—V. A. Johnson, '95, is prospecting in British Columbia.

—Bruce Loomis, '96, is now Manager of the Staten Island Telephone Exchange.

—A. E. Giberga, '95, is now in Tuchia, Venezuela.

### CLIPPINGS.

#### OUR RIDE.

We two went wheeling. O'er the road  
Our shining cycles sped.  
The autumn haze was in the air,  
The hot sun overhead,  
When we went wheeling.

We two went wheeling. By the way  
A shady spot we spied,  
And seated there beneath the trees,  
We soon forgot our ride,  
When we went wheeling.

We two went wheeling. When at length  
We homeward turned our way,  
Never had bluer seemed the sky  
Nor sunset brighter, than the day  
When we went wheeling.

—*Ex.*

—"MAY BE you can run," said the Freshman sprinter when he was chased by the Sophomores, "but you're not in my class."—*University of Michigan Wrinkle.*

—IT has been remarked that the best way to avoid seasickness is to "bolt down your food."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

#### A MATTER OF NECESSITY.

"Cupid, I must to a party  
And would like my best you know.  
*She* will be there! Nay, you smarty,  
Lay aside your lover's bow,  
Cupid, come! Just press my suit!

—FARMER: "Our whole neighborhood has been stirred up and upset."

CITY EDITOR (seizing his paper in haste): "What is the trouble up there?"

"Ploughing," said the farmer.—*Ex.*

#### MASTER FRANCOIS SINGS.

A girl on my knee, a glass at my side,  
A lute to strum and a horse to ride,

What can a man want more?

To lounge in the sun all day long,  
With jest and kiss and snatch of a song,  
To squander youth's sweet store!

Oh! that is the life that seems best to me;  
Let Fortune frown, but a shrew is she,  
And life a dream that flies.

But ho! for the reign of the Provence rose,  
And court-yards drifted with almond snows,  
And Fleurette's laughing eyes.

—*Williams' Literary Monthly.*

—SHE (on her first voyage): "What is that place down there?"

HE: "Why, that is the steerage."

SHE: "And does it take all those people to make the boat go straight?"—*Yale Record.*

LADY OF THE HOUSE (just returned from a visit):  
"Poor Polly! All alone so long."

PARROT (feverishly): "Give me a stack of whites."  
—*Cornell Widow.*



—JOHNNY AND SUSY were standing at the nursery window during a thunder-shower. At every flash of lightning and peal of thunder Susy rapped severely on the pane and said cominandingly :—

"Stop it, God, stop it!"

Finally Johnny expostulated :—

"Oh, let up, Susy. Can't you let God do as he wants to?"—*Wrinkle.*

AT EVENTIDE.

RONDEAU.

At eventide there softly creep,  
From out the East, the fays of Sleep;  
And slyly pour on bush and vine,  
A wealth of crystal anodyne,  
To hold them all in subtle keep.

The roses, wrapt in slumber deep,  
Dream perfumes rare, the while they steep  
In scented dew, sweet elfin wine,  
At eventide.

O'er hill and vale where fountains leap,  
With murmur low soft breezes sweep,  
Enfreight with breath of columbine,  
Of Southern bloom or Northern pine;  
And yet, poor man has learned to weep,  
At eventide. —*Ex.*

—HE: "I have a constant load on my mind."

SHE: "What for, to keep from losing it?"—*Ex.*

NIGHT.

How calmly o'er the earth comes Spirit Night  
With trailing garments of foreboding dark  
All interwoven with myster'ous might.

As foaming billows gain the high tide mark  
By slow and imperceptible degrees  
Until to further strive is all in vain,  
Thus deepens night with every dying breeze  
Giving release from toilsome strife and pain.

—*The Trinity Tablet.*

MORRILL: "I wonder why it is that Jimmy consults his own watch fifty times a day, when the Library clock is staring him right in the face?"

WHITE: "No doubt there's a woman in the case."  
—*Cornell Widow.*

—VISITOR (to native of Arkansas): "Are you familiar with the game laws of the State!"

NATIVE: "Yes; what do you want to shoot, quail or niggars?"—*Kodak.*

—FOOTLESS—Golf stockings.—*Yale Record.*

TO A DANCER.

When I watch you as you flutter  
Like the fly they call the butter,  
In suppressed delight I mutter

"What a bird!"

For you flit about in dances  
In a manner that entrances,  
And you captivate with glances  
Quite absurd.

When they see you in your poses,  
With your cheeks like blushing roses,  
Not a soul there but supposes

You're nineteen.

For a maid so pert and pretty,  
Witching, kittenish, and witty,  
In the whole Manhattan City  
None has seen.

But, ma charmante Mam'selle Sadie,  
You are quite another lady,  
Just plain Mary Ann O'Grady

Off the stage;

And, by all the gods in heaven!  
Stead of being eight and 'leven,  
You're a way past thirty-seven  
Years of age. —*Ex.*

—IRATE PAPA (from below): "What's all that noise about? Don't you know I'm busy?"

JOHNNY (between sobs): "I fell down stairs."

IRATE PAPA: "Well, if you can't fall down quietly, you needn't do it all."—*Yale Record.*

—"THE MAN who never made a mistake in his life never made anything else."—*Ex.*

SLEEP.

Sleep, I bid thee come  
And chase the shades  
Of day far from my eyes!  
That I may sleep  
And wake again,  
In glad surprise  
At this world's fairness  
And at her loveliness.

I do not bid thee  
Take me in thy arms,  
And keep me there fore'er.  
But hold me close  
For one short hour,  
That I may rise  
Again, and do the work  
That wisdom bids me do.

—*The Wellesley Magazine.*



## THE LEHIGH BURR.

WHEN SUMMER WANES.

RONDEAU.

When Summer wanes, the mournful trees,  
Her changing fancy strive to please,  
And don the colors she holds dear,  
In vain, to stay her swift career  
And win one smile before she flees.

The little birds subdue their glee,  
And follow her beyond the sea;  
More plaintive notes are all we hear,  
When Summer wanes.


And soon the droning of the bees,  
Will die away across the leas;  
And forests, turned all brown and sear,  
Will weep full many a crispéd tear;—  
For naught their sorrow can appease,  
When Summer wanes. —*The Parthenon.*

—THE WIFE: "I think the baby's teeth are troubling him."


HUSBAND: "Good! I hate to think of the poor little fellow crying for nothing."—*Life.*

—WILLIE SLIMPSON: "Papa, how are matches made?"

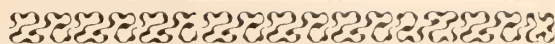

SLIMPSON: "You'd better ask your mother."—*Life.*



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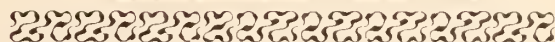
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